

H. Montagu 1771. Sandemich A

New Form of Worship,

For the 27th of JULY,

Which is ever to be held as a day of Fasting and Humiliation; being the Anniversary of that Battle, in which the *British* Flag (formerly the *Pride of England*, and the Terror of all other Nations) was tarnished, owing to the Obstinacy or Wickedness of the Marine Minister and Commander, who then held different political Principles, but are now linked together for the Destruction of their Sovereign, and the total Ruin of their debased Country.

WHEN the fighting man turneth away, and flyeth from his enemy, he shall save his bones whole, and be made a Viscount; yea, and shall be tendered the Freedom of this City, even of the great City of London, for having preserved the lives of many Citizens.

The old women, and little children, the youths, and the damsels shall go forth to greet the sage Commander; and there shall verily be great rejoicings, bonfires, and illuminations throughout the streets.

And whatever accusations are brought against him before the Elders and Judges of the people, he shall be justified in the face of his enemies.

Friends and Fellow Subjects,

"You are called together to celebrate the anniversary of the great *Augustus*, who did, on this day, in the year of our Lord, One Thousand Seven Hundred and Seventy-eight, by his great skill and prowess, and by his knowledge of the winds and the Compaſs, preserve the ships and the men of *Britain* from the fleets and warriors of the mighty *Lewis*; who protected, by his wisdom and foresight, your brothers, your fathers, and children, from the boisterous gales of *July*, from the enemy's *Lee Shore*, and from tremendous rocks hidden under water: who, by his valour, took the frigates of the foe, carrying four, six, and nine pounders, wherefrom bullets are wont to issue, which cause havock and destruction—yea, and brought them safe into your own harbours. The enemy sought to annoy him in vain, and ranged their line against him to no effect; for our Commander was endowed with Prudence and Discretion; he baffled the designs of the *Gallic Host* with his sails, and in his canvass did he seek protection: for in the hour of danger and distress he retired to his cabin, and cried,

From the Enemy's Fleet defend us, O *Æolus*!

And graciously add Wings unto our Sails!

Pitifully behold the Terrors of our Hearts!

And mercifully allay the Fears of thy People!

O Son of *George*! let the Light of thy Countenance beam upon us!

And pity the Wretchedness of our Party!

O *Lewis*! shower down thy Treasures upon us!

For our only Dependence is on thee!

Give Peace in our Time, O Lord!

Because some of us have no great Stomach for fighting!

Here followeth the *First Lesson* from the Chronicles of *Britain*:

1. Now it came to pass in those days, that *North* was Governor in the Land; and they called his name *Boreas*, even unto this day.

2. And behold a certain man, named *Jemmy Twitcher*, was Ruler of the Ships; and, moreover, the Midshipmen, and the Lieutenants, and the Captains, and the Commodores, and the Admirals, bowed their necks in his presence.

3. And it came to pass, that he called them together on a certain day, and spake unto them and said, "Get

ye down to *Portsmouth*, even unto *Spithead*, and put the vessels in array, for the Great Man is coming to view them."

4. And there was great drumming and trumpeting upon the waters, and much fiddling and shouting, and the bells rang treble bobs and bob-majors, and there was great joy and jolity among the People.

5. Till a messenger came from a far country, who spoiled their mirth; for he cried with a loud voice, and said, War! War! and it vexed *Jemmy Twitcher* grievously; and he swore it was a d—d lie, for there was no War.

6. But when he found the enemy had put themselves in martial array, he called the Counsellors together, and he gathered the ships together, and he appointed a Chief Captain to the command of the ships, and he sailed upon the great waters.

7. And behold the Chief Captain had no brains! Nay, moreover, he was as it were a weak man, and he lacked understanding mightily!

8. And after certain days, when the Chief Captain came up with some small ships belonging unto the enemy, he wrote unto *Jemmy Twitcher*, and said unto him, "What shall I do?" And before he could get an answer he wrote again, and said, "I have found their great ships, and, moreover, I have done nothing!"

9. And there was great marvelling thro' the land.

10. And he said, "when it was Noon, I put off fighting until Night; and when it was Night, I postponed it even until the Morning! and when the Morning came, there were none there; they were all off, they had departed even unto their own homes."

11. So the wise men cursed him for a blockhead, and the prudent men laughed him to scorn, and the brave men d—d him for an ass, and the fool said, "What a kettle of fish is here!"

12. And it happened in the seventh month, and on the twenty-seventh day of the month, and they called it a day of darkness and distress; a day of desolation and much woe:

13. A day of sorrow and strife; a day of defeat and retreat; a day of melancholly and mourning; a day of abasement and humiliation!

14. Such a day was never seen in this country before; for the flag was DOWN, when it should have been UP, and the men STOOD STILL when they should have been FIGHTING, and the ships were AFAR OFF when they should have been NEAR; and when the Chief Captain should have been UPON THE DECK, behold he was ASLEEP UPON HIS SOFA.

15. And there was great discord and division in the land; moreover, there was lamentation, and reprobation, and execration; and all who felt for the glory of the land, mourned in sackcloth and ashes!

16. And they lifted up their voices, and cried aloud, "Be the day distinguished in the Calender; may it be kept a fast day for ever and ever. May it be sacred to salt fish and parsnips, and may none but Taylors and little Children be permitted to fight thereon!"